



REV. ENOCH WOOD, D.D.

MISSIONARY
READINGS;

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

Third Series.

TORONTO:
METHODIST MISSION ROOMS,
TEMPERANCE STREET.

1884.

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PREFACE.

WE greet our Juvenile Friends with a Third Series of "Missionary Readings." Although the selections all bear on the one subject of Missions, there is a pleasing variety, and we feel confident our young folk—and old folk too—will read the book with pleasure and profit.

A. SUTHERLAND.

METHODIST MISSION ROOMS,
TORONTO, January, 1884.

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MISSIONARY READINGS.

REV. ENOCH WOOD, D.D.

AS an appropriate frontispiece to the present series of Readings, we give a portrait of the Veteran Honorary Secretary, the Rev. Enoch Wood, D.D., who for six and thirty years has rendered faithful and efficient service to the Missionary Society.

Dr. Wood came to Ontario in 1847, at the time of the second Union with the British Conference. At that time he was 43 years of age, and had completed the 21st year of his ministry. The first three years of his ministerial life were spent in the West Indies, the next eighteen years in the Province of New Brunswick. In 1847 he was designated by the English Missionary Committee and Conference to the post of Superintendent of Missions in Canada West. In 1851 he became President of the Canada

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Conference, an office which he held for seven consecutive years. When the Canada Conference resolved to discontinue the office of Superintendent of Missions, Dr. Wood became Senior Secretary of the Society, having associated with him the late Rev. Lachlin Taylor, D.D. Finally, at the General Conference of 1878, he retired from the active direction of the Society's operations, retaining, by request of the Conference, the office of Honorary Secretary (without salary), a post which he still holds.

In every position Dr. Wood has displayed marked ability. A Pastor much beloved by his people,—a Preacher of more than ordinary power,—a Presiding Officer, impartial, dignified, and self-possessed,—he won everywhere golden opinions, and wielded an influence beyond that of most men. In council he excels. Wise, calm, discriminating, he takes in all the bearings of a question; and hence his opinions carry weight, and his words seldom fail to convince. Important documents are frequently sent to Dr. Wood from the Mission Rooms, and never fail to come back with such comments and suggestions appended as show that advancing years have caused no decline of mental power.

For the last two or three years Dr. Wood has

not left his pleasant home at Davenport. This seclusion is necessary on account of physical conditions which render him very susceptible to the effects of sudden chills. But although mingling no longer in the whirl of outside activities, the genial, kindly spirit remains, while his interest in the work of the Church is as deep and abiding as in the days when he presided in her councils and guided her Missionary efforts.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

UNANSWERED yet? the prayer your lips
have pleaded

In agony of heart these many years?

Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing,

And think you all in vain these falling tears?

Say not, the Father hath not heard your prayer;

You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? tho' when you first presented

This one petition at the Father's throne,

It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,

So urgent was your heart to make it known.

Tho' years have passed since then, do not despair;

The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet ? nay, do not say ungranted,
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was
uttered,

And God will finish what He has begun ;
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet ? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock ;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, some-
where !

ROBERT BROWNING.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

A WEALTHY farmer who cultivated some thousands of acres had, by his benevolence, endeared himself greatly to his large staff of laborers. He had occasion to leave the country in which his property was situated for some years, but before doing so he gave his people

clearly to understand that he wished the whole of the cultivated land to be kept in hand, and all the unreclaimed moor and marsh lands to be enclosed and drained and brought into cultivation; that even the hills were to be terraced, and the poor mountain pastures manured, so that no single corner of the estate should remain neglected and barren. Ample resources were left for the execution of these works, and there were sufficient hands to have accomplished the whole within the first few years of the proprietor's absence.

He was detained in the country to which he had been called very many years. Those whom he left children were men and women when he came back, and so the number of his tenantry and labourers was vastly multiplied. Was the task he had given them to do accomplished? Alas, no! Bog and moor and mountain waste were only wilder and more desolate than ever. Fine, rich virgin soil by thousands of acres was bearing only briars and thistles. Meadow after meadow was utterly barren for want of culture. Nay, by far the greater part of the farm seemed never to have been even *visited* by his servants.

Had they been idle? Some had. But large numbers had been industrious enough. They

had expended a vast amount of labor, and skilled labor, too, but they had bestowed it all on the park immediately around the house. This had been cultivated to such a pitch of perfection that the workmen had scores of times quarrelled with each other because the operations of one interfered with those of his neighbor.

And a vast amount of labor had been *lost* in sowing the very same patch, for instance, with corn fifty times over in one season, so that the seed never had time to germinate and grow and bear fruit; in caring for the forest trees as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring soils already too fat, and watering pastures already too wet.

The farmer was positively astonished at the misplaced ingenuity with which labor and seed and manure, skill and time and strength, had been wasted for *no result*. The very same amount of toil and capital, *expended according to his directions*, would have brought the whole demesne into culture, and yielded a noble revenue. But season after season had rolled away in sad succession, leaving those unbounded acres of various but all *reclaimable* soils barren and useless; and as to the park, it would have

been far more productive and perfect had it been relieved of the extraordinary and unaccountable amount of energy expended on it.

Why did these laborers act so absurdly? Did they wish to labor in vain? On the contrary, they were forever craving for fruit, coveting good crops, longing for great results.

Did they not wish to carry out the farmer's views about his property? Well! they seemed to have that desire, for they were always reading the directions he wrote, and said continually to each other, "You know we have to bring the *whole property* into order." But they did not *do it*.

Some few tried, and ploughed up a little plot here and there and sowed corn and other crops. Perhaps these failed, and so the rest got discouraged? Oh, no! they saw that the yield was magnificent; far richer in proportion than they got themselves. They clearly perceived that, but yet they failed to follow a good example. Nay, when the labors of a few in some distant valley had resulted in a crop they were all unable to gather in by themselves, the others would not even go and help them to bring home the sheaves! They preferred watching for weeds among the roses, in the overcrowded gar-

den, and counting the blades of grass in the park, and the leaves on the trees.

Then they were fools surely, not wise men? Traitors, not true servants to their Lord?

Ah! I can't tell! You must ask him that! I only know their Master said, "Go ye into *all the world*, and preach the gospel to *every creature*, and that 1883 years afterwards they had *not even mentioned that there was a gospel, to one-half the world!*

STIRRING UP THE GIFTS.

ONE Sabbath our minister preached from the words, "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee," (2 Timothy i. 6); and after a brief explanation of the import of the words as they were originally spoken, made use of them to deliver a forcible and pointed discourse concerning the duty of all persons to make the most of their talents in God's service.

The next day several ladies of the congregation happening to meet at Mrs. Lyle's, they fell to talking about the sermon, which had rather stirred them up. Very likely this is what the minister expected, or, at least, hoped for.

"Well," said Mrs. McKinlay, "I don't know that I have any gifts to stir up."

"You wouldn't like any one else to say that," remarked sharp Minnie Lyle.

Mrs. McKinlay laughed good-naturedly. "No, I don't suppose I should; but what I mean is, that though I may have a kind of a knack about some things, I have no decided talents—nothing you could call a gift."

"But your kind of a knack is the very thing," exclaimed Miss Lansing, eagerly. "You know Dr.—— said in his sermon that all endowments and qualities of every kind which God bestows upon us are gifts. Personal attractiveness, grace of body or of mind, acquisitions of wealth, knowledge, or skill, places of power and influence, he regarded as gifts which we are to use for God's glory."

"That is all very true," said Mrs. Lyle; "but we may have some of these gifts and yet they may not be available; for some reason or other we may not be able to make use of them."

"That is exactly where part of the 'stirring up' comes in," replies Miss Lansing. "We must make them available. We must shape them so that they will fit in where they are needed. I will read you something else the

doctor said, for I took some notes. He said: 'It is necessary also that we develop our gifts. All the forces with which God endows Christian life are susceptible of growth, culture, and enlargement.' Then again: 'To stir up the gift which is in thee, is to obtain all information, obey all rules, improve all opportunities, acquire all arts, do all work, lay hold of all advantages and facilities by which your own life may be made happier and stronger, and your efforts for the world more successful.'"

"O, yes," said Mrs. Lyle, "its very easy to stand up in the pulpit and say all that, but it isn't so easy to put it into practice."

"I don't know about that," said Bessie Lansing. "When one is very much interested in anything, it is wonderful how all the energies of one's body and soul are brought to bear on that object."

"I suppose, Miss Bessie, you think gifts and everything else ought to be stirred up in behalf of foreign missions; that's your hobby," said Mrs. Lyle.

"Yes," answered Bessie, brightly; "and I don't know of any gift that cannot be turned to some account in that work. It takes in every thing."

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"Now, I'm sure," said Miss Dawes, "there's nothing I can do. Foreign missions are not in my line at all. I can take an interest in Dorcas societies and ward committees, but the other is so far away."

"Far away!" exclaimed Bessie, with shining eyes. "Far away, when people in Philadelphia, Chicago and Omaha, and people in Tokio, Allahabad, and Corisco are pouring out their hearts in letters to each other; when our sons and daughters, our brothers and sisters, and dearest friends, are preaching and teaching in all parts of the world; when workers at home and workers abroad are always praying for each other! It isn't far away! It's the very nearest thing!"

"Well," said Miss Dawes, breaking the short silence which followed what Bessie had said: "I should like to help in the work if I felt there was anything I could do."

"I'll tell you," said Bessie, "just go to a good branch meeting, or to a meeting of some wide-awake auxiliary, and get stirred up yourself. Then you'll soon begin to search around for gifts, and you'll find them."

"Tell me one," laughed Miss Dawes.

"I have heard that you write the most delicious little notes to your friends."

"Why, no indeed!" disclaimed Miss Dawes, yet blushing with pleasure. "And even if I do—if people think so—how is that going to help on the missionary cause?"

"Easily enough. You can in that way interest people in the work. Tell them about such a good meeting; then the next time they will want to *go*, and then they will want to *do*. The thing is to give them a start. Laura Forbes told me it was because of a spicy little note she received from you, telling about Prof. Widner's lectures on Rome, that she was induced to attend them, and became so interested that now she is deep in the study of ancient history;—much better for her than reading so many novels."

"I am glad you told me that," Miss Dawes said, looking pleased; and the Machiavellian Bessie felt that she had touched the right spring.

"Bessie and I were just saying the other day," remarked Miss Lansing, "that many things ladies do now can be turned to such good account in missionary work. For instance, many ladies are studying elocution—having

their voices trained, and becoming good readers. Now, when so much of interest in the work is created and kept up by means of the various meetings which are held, this kind of training comes in very good place. Then music is such an important feature, and in every little circle there are ladies who can sing and play, and know how to select appropriate music. There are ladies, too, who have great gifts in the way of organizing and directing; so, other things being equal, they are the very ones to have charge of bands and circles."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lyle, "it's a very good work, and I hope you young people will do all you can; but I can hardly be expected to take much part. When a woman gets to be forty-five or fifty she naturally feels like leaving all such things to her daughters."

"I do not feel so," remarked Mrs. Reed, who in her quiet way was a devoted "foreign worker." "I want to do something myself, and forty-five or fifty is too soon to retire. One may look forward to twenty or thirty years of life; and what wonderful years the next twenty or thirty are going to be in mission work! I shouldn't want to be left out."

"Nor I," burst in Bessie, half crying, "just when everything is coming true, too!"

"Coming true?" questioned one of the ladies.

"Well, being fulfilled. When deserts are 'blossoming like the rose,' 'and nations are being born in a day,' and the knowledge of the Lord is spreading, it's just sublime to be allowed to help a little!"

"I dare say it would spread a good deal faster if we all had your enthusiasm," said Mrs. Lyle, with a half sigh.

"It's one of my gifts. I don't hesitate to claim it; and I am going to keep stirring it up all the time."

"My particular gift is fancy-work," said Minnie. "Does that come in for foreign missions, Bessie?"

"Comes in splendidly! You can make money that way."

"Not very much," said Minnie, with a slight shrug.

"You can hardly expect a woman who is shut up in the house the most of the time, taking care of five small children, to do anything in your favorite work," said Mrs. McKinlay.

"She can train up the five small children to be missionaries."

"Oh no, not that!" said Mrs. McKinlay shuddering."

"I declare, Bessie, I never saw such a girl in my life!" exclaimed Minnie. "I believe if a woman was bound hand and foot and chained to a dungeon floor, you would think she could do something for missions."

"She could pray," said Bessie, softly. "'Thy kingdom come' can be heard from the lowest depths of the darkest dungeon."

CHRIST AT THE TREASURY.

BY MRS. T. W. BROWN.

OVER against the treasury
The Master was sitting one day,
And His looks were wise and gentle
As the people passed that way.

Wise, and gentle, and human;

But never on hearts of men
Had fallen such stern self-searching
As wrought in the temple then.

For never man spake as this man,

And they who listened and saw,
Heard and saw something more than a sermon,
Learned something more than the law.

They had seen how He entered the city
From Olivet's beautiful calm,

Amidst the hosannas of triumph,
The waving of garment and palm;
And from the far hills of Judæa,
Strange tidings had reached them ere then,
Of one who had come from the lowly
To be the Great Healer of men;
And they knew that this simple stranger,
Who rebuked them again and again,
Was something in wisdom and honor
Surpassing the children of men.
And they felt as He looked upon them
With more of pity than scorn,
That He knew how they cast their money
Into the sounding horn.
And the scribes and the Pharisees saw it,
And trod with a humbler mien,
While the publican dropped his eyelids
And reverently passed between.
And the rich cast in their abundance
And never a hand did withhold,
Till the trumpets clanged loudly and often
With the tithings of silver and gold.
Then one came alone and unheeded
So quiet and lonely her mien,
And dropped in her gift with the others,
Nor guessed that the stranger had seen.

Through the gentle, sad face of the woman
The Master looked down to her soul,
And knew that of all her poor living
She had given no tithe, but the whole.

More sweet than the words of an angel
His blessed approval did fall :
"I say unto you this poor woman
Hath cast in more than ye all."

No record was left of the silver,
Nor yet of the shekels of gold ;
But wherever the Lord has a temple
The tale of the widow is told.

And the two little mites that out-valued
The gifts of the rich and the great
Have shown and have grown through the ages
To riches and royal estate.

* * * * *

Over against the treasury
The Master is sitting to-day,
And He counts the gain and the giving
Of all who pass that way.

O hearts that behold Him and know Him,
O hands that do scatter your hoard,
Be *sure* they have riches and honor
Who have given their all to the Lord.



MONGOLIAN BOY.

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THE MONGOLIAN BOY.

IF we were to attempt to cultivate a wild and barren spot of earth, it would be a long time before we beheld it changed into the loveliness of a garden. How delighted should we be with the first flower that bloomed in it, after months of toil! Missionaries have often labored for years in a heathen land before they have seen any idolator turn unto the Lord. Oh, how their hearts have rejoiced over their first convert—it has been as though the wilderness had begun to put forth the bud and the tender blossom!

Years passed away among the Mongolian Tartars, and no one came to the Missionaries to inquire what he should do to be saved; at length, a youth named Bardo came and sat down in the Mission school. He was ignorant of the letters of the alphabet; but he soon got on, and in a short time could read and write very nicely, and also had committed to memory a catechism, and many passages of Scripture. He then gave up the worship of his gods, and told the children of the family with whom he lived, that he now believed there was only one God, and one Saviour, Jesus Christ. From this time, he felt more of his state as a sinner, and

was often seen to retire that he might pray in secret. He began also to hope that he had found mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners. When mixing with his own people, he told them what he felt, and invited them to come and hear the Gospel for themselves, for if they died trusting in gods that could not save them, they would perish for ever.

The Tartars place their idols on a table opposite the door of their tents, and every person as he enters is expected to bow before them. When they saw that Bardo did not bow as he passed, they ill-used him, and tried to force him to worship the gods; but finding they could not prevail, they turned him out of their tents. One day, a llama, or priest, beat him severely on the head, which brought on violent pains and a fever. The fever continued for several weeks, and he gradually wasted away. Pain in the chest and a cough followed, so that poor Bardo was brought very low. His friends, fearing he would die, began to talk of using some of their heathenish rites, to save his life, but he would not consent to this, and begged his friends to carry him to the Missionaries. The Tartars also placed on the wall, opposite to where he lay,

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some of their charms, that he might look on them; but Bardo turned his back to the wall, though he had to place himself in a painful position, that he might not behold the sinful folly of his friends.

On the morning of the day on which he died he was asked, "Should you die now whither would your soul go?" "To heaven." "Who will receive it there?" "God." "On what Saviour do you put your trust for salvation?" With great feeling he said, "On Jesus Christ." "If God had not, in His providence, brought you here, to learn about that Saviour, what would have become of you?" "I should have lived in sin, and been lost forever." He said he was not afraid to die; yet he would rather live, if it were God's will, that he might honor and take care of his parents.

His breathing came softer; and like one falling into a gentle slumber, he fell asleep in Jesus. Thus died the first convert among the Mongolian Tartars—one who may be said to have fallen a martyr; for there is little doubt that the blows on the head, which he received from the llama, were the chief cause of his death. His school-fellows carried his body to the grave, and there it rests until Christ shall call it to life, in the resurrection morning.

THE HOME SIDE OF FOREIGN WORK.

A paper read at a meeting of the Marion Presbyterian Society.

WHAT can we do to overcome the indifference, the occasional opposition, the, dare I say it, selfishness of Christian women with regard to foreign missionary work?

Not long since, being away from home, I had this question presented to my mind, not any more forcibly than it might have been at home, I suppose, but perhaps I had more leisure to think about it. At any rate I was saddened by what I heard, and by the thought that the same state of things existed in a greater or less degree in all of our churches.

My hostess had a visitor with whom I was unacquainted, and, not wishing to meet strangers, I remained in the back parlor while she went forward to see the friend whose coming I fancied rather inopportune. The folding-doors were only partially closed, and, leaning back, I noted, listlessly at first, the fair face with its flushed cheeks, and the earnest voice that said, "Aunt Margaret," and wondered idly how it came that Aunt Margaret was "auntie" to nearly everybody, and why so many came to her for advice, consolation, or cheer, as the case

may be. I have learned since why it was, and blessed is the Church or community that has such a one, with wide experience, ready tact, time to bestow, and

“A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.”

“I am afraid I am not ‘a success’ in church work,” the lady was saying, a quiver of disappointment running through the words. “I thought I had found something I could do.”

“What is that you think you cannot do?”

The quiet voice had its effect, and the tones that replied were more even.

“I am almost ashamed to tell you, after all. I wonder if some one else could not have done more or better. You know it is almost the end of our society year, and so many of the envelopes have not come in that it was decided to send visitors to each district to present the matter.”

About this time my interest was aroused and I began to listen eagerly, for had we not a society at home, and, I began to suspect, much the same difficulties to meet.

“Yes, I know. And you have been going over yours this afternoon?”

"Part of it; and what do the people mean? I have never been out before on such business, and I did not know what to say when the ladies objected."

"What objections did you hear to-day?"

"One lady 'did not believe in a separate organization for the women. She thought it would be infinitely better to contribute through the general Board. What was the use of two societies to do the work of one?' Another thought 'it seemed like trying to take affairs out of the hands of the men, where such things belonged, and did not believe that women could manage financially, and so as much good would not be done, even though more money were raised.'"

"And they say this," said Aunt Margaret, "in the face of what the women's societies have done in the last ten years?"

The visitor smiled faintly and continued, "Another said that we had so much to do at home and for home that we *ought* not to do anything for the foreign work; and another that she did not believe in missions at all, and politely wondered that I could find time to undertake such work without neglecting my home, adding,

'I fear I should disgust my husband with all church and benevolent work if he were to come home and find me away on such a tour.' Do you really think there is any danger of my doing that?"

I knew by the trembling voice that the tears were not far off; but Aunt Margaret replied firmly, though a little sadly, "No, I do not think there is the least danger of that, so long as your husband knows that your first care is for him. I know it to be a fact that unconverted persons often wonder that Christians do not show a deeper interest in souls. A young lady once said to me, 'If I believed as you Christians do, I could not sleep for thinking of all those who are going to destruction.'"

"But, auntie, the excuses were worse than the objections. I could make a little answer to those, but what could I say to these? One lady told me she 'never could remember those little envelopes, and so had missed giving anything, and had not the money to-day, but if I would call next week she would try and have it for me.' She did not offer to bring it to me, and, for fear of losing it to the cause, I did not make the suggestion. Another 'had intended to give

before the close of the year, but they had been refurnishing their house and it had taken all they could spare;’ and, as I looked at the beautiful sitting-room, with all its appointments in such perfect taste, and caught a glimpse of the elegant parlor beyond, I was not surprised to hear it, but I could not help wondering if the cost of one of those vases or cabinets put into the missionary work would not have given more real satisfaction. Another ‘had so many calls upon her purse, for charity and for the children’s wants for school, that she never could have any money by her.’ Another paid her money willingly, but when I asked her to come and help make the meeting interesting, said she ‘always forgot when the day came round.’”

“But did you have no pleasant calls?”

“Oh yes! One lady who had not used her envelopes paid three dollars—‘conscience money,’ she said. Another had not received any envelopes, but sent her dollar. Others who had only put in part cheerfully gave the rest. One who is really poor, and has had sickness all winter, losing one of her children, said ‘it seemed a little hard, but she could not give anything this year except her prayers; she had not been able to

keep quite out of debt.' One or two had forgotten it entirely, but would willingly give. 'How much was it?' But do you think that is the way we ought to do in the Lord's service?"

"No, my dear, it is not. I am sorry you should meet such an experience so early in your missionary work; and yet do not let it discourage you. He who knows best allowed it to come. Perhaps it will help you never to relax your efforts in your own home; perhaps it will keep you from unnecessary expenditure of time and money on house or personal adornment; perhaps it will serve to make you still more careful to keep your promises and appointments; and it is true that Christian women do make these excuses for neglect of duty. I am glad it is not ours to pronounce judgment upon them; and you know where we can take all these anxieties and disappointments and leave them."

Then as the visitor went away I thought of the many churches where, from the women, would be heard the same or similar objections and excuses. And I thought of the lands where the women reach forth empty hands to grasp they know not what, and of the lands where they are saying, "Don't they know we are

dying without the light? Can't they send it along a little faster?" And I thought of our Saviour's commands,—"Deny yourselves," and "Go ye," and our tardy, half-hearted obedience.

Oh, sisters, some with your abundance, some with your comfortable living, some with your poverty even, you have hope in Christ and a bright hereafter whatever may be the trials by the way: think of those, women like yourselves, who have no hope either for this life or the life to come!

Are there any who let everything or anything crowd out the missionary work? Are there any who pay their dollar, it may be, and never think of it again until the subject is presented by some one who does remember? If you wish to fill the measure of your accountability in this direction, to occupy till your Lord shall come, to improve your talents, five, two, or one, ask and let the Master answer; listen till He speaks and tells you how He would have you give—heart, hand, and voice to woman's work for woman.

FAMINE ORPHANAGES.

I HAD no conception, till I came here, of the fearful extent of the famine in India. In this one district of Mysore, out of a population of five millions, one million, at least, perished of starvation. The Wesleyan missionaries say that from twenty-four to twenty-six bodies were picked up morning after morning on the roads in Bangalore. Relief works, and free distribution of money and rice were made later on, through the benevolence of the English public, but it all came "too late." The famine had done its work.

Rev. A. P. Riddett, of the Wesleyan Mission at Hassan, Mysore, commenced a famine orphanage; and many others were started in connection with other missions. Mrs. Riddett explained to me one startling fact respecting these famine orphans, and that is, that when a child has absolutely suffered for some time from famine, and learned to live on roots and rubbish, there is very little chance for that child's life, even if taken care of and properly fed afterwards. Some of these famine children will live six months, one year, or even two years, with their large heads, large stomachs, thin, lanky legs and arms, and hollow sparkling eyes, and then they



FAMINE IN INDIA.

die. It is thus most heart-rending work, dealing with these famine children. You nurse them and give them good food for months, and yet lose them. Mr. and Mrs. Riddett are wise, kind people, and out of 490 famine orphans they have received at Hassan, 340 of them have died in about two years. Oh, what a tale of sorrow such figures disclose!

Miss Anstey's "Faith Work" at Colar, in her famine Orphanage, is altogether unique in some of its features. She is a woman of good mental power and extraordinary energy. Her faith is something grand. It is the kind of faith that laughs at impossibilities, and that always accomplishes great things. I thought the words "Have faith in God" might suitably be written over the doors of the Orphanage, as the great lesson she is teaching to the world around her. From the fact that Miss Anstey has accepted all comers, without making any selection as to whether the children were healthy or not, nobly throwing her doors open for every child, however far gone in famine, the death rate in her establishment has been very great. She has received 1,400 destitute famine orphans into her Institute. Of this number about 1,000 have died, a few have run away, a few have left from

other causes, and she now has 330 left under her care. "I never ask any one on earth for money," she said to me; "if we have not a silver left we ask God, but we do not make our wants known to man." She has received, unasked, from the Mansion House fund, 11,000 rupees, and from the Chittur famine fund, 5,000 rupees. The cost of each child is about £3 a year. There are two farms on which the boys work, of some 800 acres, one called Bethany, and the other Nazareth. We saw the mud ruins of the wretched place where Miss Anstey fought her great battle with hunger and disease and famine during the great crisis. The present premises are well arranged, and just suited to her work. The Orphanage costs 1,000 rupees a month. The children have two meals a day. We saw them sitting in rows in their play grounds with their tin plates or bowls, having curry and rice at five in the evening. They had large balls of cooked rice, like a pudding, for each boy, and then a pail full of red curry appeared, which was ladled out a portion for each.

At half-past four we all met in the Central Hall for prayer. Over the archway were the words "God is love," and "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." The boys were seated in rows to the front of us, and

rows of girls behind one another to our left, the little ones in front, the tall ones behind. Many of these little ones have been baptized in the river as converts, and I feel no doubt that many of them are true Christians. There is a strong religious life present. But, oh ! I cannot explain the intense feeling, almost of pain, that took possession of me as I looked at the little ones, and saw the marks of the famine in the very form of their bodies. We are told that an experienced doctor can go through a crowd of these famine children and say, "That child will live," "That child will die," "This child may live," "This one is sure to die," and that in most cases his decision will be right. But even with my unpractised eye, it seemed to me that there were a number of children in the Hall that were sure to die. Oh, such long, thin, bony legs, such big heads, and one little one fairly staggering as she stood up to prayer ! It made me very sad to look at them.

But now Miss Anstey is at the piano, and the hundreds of child voices join with hers in singing in Canarese,

"The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus ;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer ;
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus !"

It was very beautiful to hear them. The sun was shining brightly without, but there had been little sunshine in their lives, and they look far too prematurely old. But the love of Jesus surrounded us with His blessing, and I felt it good to be there. One of the older boys, of the name of Enoch, gave an exposition of Scripture in Canarese, with hints from Miss Anstey, and the children listened to the child-sermon attentively. We bowed in prayer; but who prayed? Hundreds of young hearts. But who uttered the words of earnest prayer that rose to heaven from that child-assembly? It was the children themselves. At first beginning in low humble tones, and yet waxing bolder as they proceeded, one boy after another prayed in his own native Canarese to the One Great Father who loveth all nations, and who is no respecter of persons. These children, a year or two back, were heathens; then they had many of them heard nothing of Christ, but to-day they are Christians. They have their little weekly prayer meeting of their own, and they have daily family prayer. But what do they pray for? Just such things as they need. Sometimes, if the silver runs short in Miss Anstey's coffers, they pray for rice; but when we were there they were praying for

the Maharajah, that he might receive a Bible they wished to present to him. And so God heard that day a prayer from the poor famine orphans for the great Maharajah who is to rule over the millions of Mysore; and one such little one who trusts in Jesus is richer and greater in God's sight than any earthly potentate; such a little one has power with the King of kings to obtain such answers to prayer as no earthly king can have who is living without God in the world.

THE CHILDREN'S GIFTS.

WHERE India's burning sun pours down its
rays on wood and plain,
Where daily prayers ascend to gods who answer
not again;
Where pestilence and fever dwell :—to that far
distant land,
To spread the glorious Gospel news, go forth a
noble band.

Their Saviour's love is in their hearts, His
strength their only power,
Trusting in Him they do not fear to brave the
darkest hour;

Country and friends they leave behind, to go
where He shall lead,
To sow with faith in heathen lands the precious
Gospel seed.

Some seed has fallen on fruitful ground ; many
have gladly heard
Of Jesus and His wondrous grace ; their hearts
with love were stirred ;
No longer do they bow before Buddha's and
Brahma's shrine,
But worship now the one true God, Almighty
and Divine.

From scanty wages earned each tries to save a
little store—
All but the children—for the box hung at the
Mission door ;
The children are too young to give, no money
can they earn,
But to the school they daily come and Bible
lessons learn.

The lesson taught one day at school was on the
joy of giving,
“ More blessed he who freely gives, than he who
is receiving ; ”

At once with energy of youth they act upon the
thought,
And save some portion of the rice, to school for
dinner brought.

On tiptoe near the Mission box the teacher saw
them stand,
With quite a store of cherished rice filling each
little hand,
And as they pressed it in the box, she heard
them gently say,
"We'll try to spare, for Jesus' sake, some of our
food each day."

Oh, blessed lesson early learnt, that self-denial
brings
More real joy and gladness than costlier offerings;
The Mission box was often now as full as it
could hold,
With tiny coins put into it for rice the children
sold.

Think, happy English children, is there some-
thing you can spare
From food, or play, or pleasure, or anything you
wear?

Something to give for Jesus' sake, that lands
now sunk in sin
May hear of God's redeeming grace, and let the
Message in.

With grateful hearts for happy homes, for kind
and loving friends,
Remember those who all have left to go where
Jesus sends ;
Work, that some portion may be yours in Mission
enterprise,
And give *yourselves*, or give your prayers, or
give what much you prize.

And in all you give or gather, let this your
purpose be
To give to God and to His cause, gladly and
willingly,
If time, or work, or money, things poor or things
of cost,
“*For JESUS' sake*” will sweeten all, nor shall
your gift be lost.

TEACHING JESUS IN BRAZIL.

MISS SOPHIE A. DALE writes, from Rio Claro, to *Woman's Work for Woman*, as follows :

I have, in my Sabbath afternoon class of little children, been teaching for almost three months, nothing but Jesus, His life of suffering and His wonderful love, as St. John gives it. It is at times quite difficult for me to find the delicate, appropriate word I need, and yet I did so want them to know my Jesus and theirs. So last Sabbath, when I went to study my chapter for the afternoon, my heart was weighed down ; I knew not what to give them or what to say, and I told my Father that I knew not what to do, and He must take me and teach me what to say, and give me words to do it. How beautiful is the Beloved, and what glorious ways He has of teaching the faint-hearted and bringing us to understand that He is the Lord !

When I went down at four o'clock, the children said, " Please, Donna Sophie, read First John, Chapter three." We turned to it, and I asked one of the boys to read that beautiful verse, " Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the

sons of God : therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not." I asked a little girl, Maria, who was standing beside me and reading out of my Bible, how many classes of people there were in the world, judging from the words in our verse. She replied, "Two : sons of God and sons of Satan."

Then I said, "And oh, my children, my heart is longing to know to which class you belong!" Instantly every head was raised; their bright, eager eyes, turned upon me as they said in concert, "Sons of God." My eyes were full of tears, but still I doubted, not knowing the good things in store for me ; and so I asked, "But how do you know ? how are you sure ?" All was quiet a few seconds ; then our lovely Conceicaco, the little handmaiden, as we call her, spoke timidly, and said, "Because now for Jesus' sake we love to please others, and not ourselves." They all said, "That is it, Donna Sophie ; we know we love Jesus, and are sons of God."

Then I was sure also, for I remembered that John wrote, "Beloved, let us love one another. for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." What a beautiful lesson we did have that afternoon, and how

many little acts—little, but wonderfully expressive of the love which is shown neither in word nor tongue, but in deed and in truth; so if we do have our hours of trial, we have moments of exceeding peace, and our love for the work increases.

Our day-school is beautiful. I have succeeded in—you could not call it grading, but classifying better the scholars, and they are doing earnest, thorough work. If they do not advance as rapidly as I wish, I am satisfied that they are well-drilled in what they are learning. We have seventy scholars at present. Señor Antonio—John he should be called, for he is surely sent from God to us—has the higher classes; Donna Josephina, the intermediate; I have the English, geography, and primary.

BROTHER BROWN AND HIS GIFTS.

IT was on that day of "hard, pitiless begging"—they called it missionary day.

Brother Brown was there. Brother Brown had spoken of his conversion in the early morning. The tears, great crystal drops, had coursed down his furrowed cheeks as he recounted his

experiences for "nigh to forty years," how the Lord had dealt with him graciously, and given him very many blessings, "for which," he said, "I trust I am truly thankful."

And then, wiping away the tears with his red silk handkerchief, he remarked that all he had in this world he owed to religion, that he was trying in his "poor weak way" to serve the Lord, and he hoped he would finally meet his dear brothers and sisters in heaven.

"God bless you, brother Brown," said the good leader.

"He's an old skinflint," said crazy Bill, who sat in a back seat, in a hoarse whisper, as he shook his head behind a broad-shouldered sinner in the direction of brother Brown.

Most of the congregation heard him, but happily brother Brown was a little deaf on that side and so he was spared the annoyance of knowing that anything unusual had occurred.

Brother Brown had prayed loudly that the Lord would send salvation to a church which, he told the Lord, was in a dead condition; that he would break the sinner's heart and revive his brethren who were growing so cold he hadn't heard them speak in meeting for six months—and then, said he, in great earnestness,

shaking the whole church with his knees pounding upon the floor and frightening the children who were just coming in, with his thundrous tones: "O Lord give our ministers more religion! real old-fashioned religion."

Now the public service had begun, and brother Brown was in his own pew. He never missed the preaching, though it was not what it used to be, he often said with a sigh.

The preacher has got to his "secondly," and brother Brown who had been nodding, was now fast asleep.

He dreamed; and the shadows that came and went on his wrinkled face told plainly that no ordinary visions were flitting through his brain.

He was suddenly in the vestibule of heaven; he could hear the music distinctly; and when he first appeared, the door being ajar, he obtained a glimpse of its glories.

He was going right in, but he heard a stern voice near by, which said, "Stop mortal! only the just can enter here."

At first he was indignant, but his tongue seemed tied, and a strange spell came over him; his heart and pulse were almost still.

"On what is your hope based?" said the apparition before him.

"I was a Christian down in the world for forty years," said brother Brown.

"That avails you nothing!" was the solemn answer; "have you no other plea?"

Brother Brown began to tremble.

"I have always tried to do my duty," he said with hesitation, stammering with emotion.

"We shall see," said the questioner as he took down a great book from a shelf containing millions of like appearance; "a strict account is kept here with every mortal."

By this time brother Brown was shaking like an aspen leaf.

The Book opened readily to the page, having his name in bold letters at the top, and the account:

ABRAHAM BROWN, To ALMIGHTY GOD, DR.

To breath of life.....	—
To sixty years of health.....	—
To eight sons and daughters.....	—
To a farm.....	—
To one lot of bonds.....	—
To money at interest.....	—
To Christian privileges during life....	—
To salvation through Christ.....	—
To all the sufferings of the Lord Jesus.	—

Item after item, many thousands of them, aggregating the value of many worlds.

Brother Brown was sinking in anguish. At length he could speak. "It is all unpaid," he moaned, as he fell insensible to the floor.

"Stand up!" said a voice which with firmness and sternness was awful: "Behold thy payments!"

And he saw what he had done in all the years—so little, so mocking to heaven's beneficence in its insignificance—the pittance for God's poor and for a perishing world; the plenty, the ease, the luxury, the hoarded store of treasury, of talent and of property for self, that he cried out in sorrow, "What shall I do? I have no hope! lost! lost! lost!"

A hand rested upon his shoulder. He saw no form—but a voice was heard:

"Thou may'st return to the earth, and again on in thy years, thou shalt knock at this gate of pearl, and perchance shall find admission."

Brother Brown awoke as the people were singing:

"I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What has thou given for me?"

Another score of years lived Abraham Brown.

He could never give enough : in every cause his name was first, and in secret benevolence his bounty was without limit. He never thought of self, but of his heavenly Master's wish. The neighbors never knew the hinge on which his life turned, but when he died many saw heaven's transformation scene as the glory hung over his dying bed, and they heard him whisper, oh, so earnestly :

"The gate is open wide ; I see, I see beyond the vail ! It is well with my soul !"

THE BIBLE IN MY TRUNK.

A CONVERSATION at a tea-table turned upon the propriety of praying before other persons ; and some contended it was pharisaical to kneel down and say your prayers while others were in the room. A minister who was present related the following anecdote :—

"When I was a young man," said he, "I was a clerk at Boston. Two of my room-mates at my boarding-house were also clerks, about my own age, which was eighteen. The first Sabbath morning, during the three or four hours that elapsed from getting up to bell-ringing for

church, I felt a secret desire to get a Bible which my mother had given me, out of my trunk, and read in it; but I was afraid to do so before my messmates, who were reading miscellaneous books. At last my conscience got the mastery, and I rose up and went to my trunk. I had half raised it, when the thought occurred to me that it might look like over-sanctity and pharisaical, so I shut my trunk and returned to the window.

“For twenty minutes I was miserably ill at ease; I felt I was doing wrong. I started a second time for my trunk, and had my hand on my little Bible, when the fear of being laughed at conquered my better emotion, and I again dropped the top of my trunk. As I turned away from it, one of my room-mates, who had observed my irresolute movements, said laughingly,—

“‘I say, what’s the matter? You seem as restless as a weathercock!’

“I replied by laughing in my turn; and then, conceiving the truth to be the best, frankly told him what was the matter. To my surprise and delight, they both spoke up, and averred that they had Bibles in their trunks, and both had been secretly wishing to read in them, but were

afraid to take them out, lest I should laugh at them.

“‘Then,’ said I, ‘let us agree to read them every Sabbath, and we shall have the laugh on our side.’

“To this there was a hearty response, and the next moment the three Bibles were out; and I assure you we felt happier all that day, for reading in them in the morning.

“The following Sabbath, about ten o’clock, while we were reading our chapters, two of our fellow-boarders from another room came in. When they saw how we were engaged, they stared, and then exclaimed,—

“‘What is all this? A conventicle?’

“In reply, I stated exactly how the matter stood; my struggle to get my Bible from my trunk, and how we three, having found we had all been afraid of each other without cause, had now agreed to read every Sabbath.

“‘Not a bad idea,’ answered one of them. ‘You have more courage than I have. I have a Bible, too, but have not looked into it since I have been in Boston. But I will read it after this, since you’ve broken the ice.’

“The other then asked one of us to read aloud, and both sat and listened quietly till the bell rang out for church.

"That evening, we three in the same room agreed to have a chapter read every night by one or the other of us, at nine o'clock, and we religiously adhered to our purpose.

"A few evenings after this resolution, four or five of the boarders (for there were sixteen clerks boarding in the house) happened to be in our room talking, when the nine o'clock bell rang. One of my room-mates, looking at me, opened the Bible. The others looked inquiringly. I then explained our custom.

"'We'll all stay and listen,' they said, almost unanimously.

"The result was, that without an exception, every one of the sixteen clerks spent his Sabbath morning in reading the Bible; and the moral effect upon our household was of the highest character. I relate this incident," continued the minister, "to show what one person, even a youth, may do for good or evil. No man should ever be afraid to do his duty. A hundred hearts may throb to act right, that only await a leader. I forgot to add that we were all called the 'Bible Clerks.' All these youths are now useful and Christian men, and more than one is laboring in the ministry."



MY MISSIONARY BOX.

JOHN AND HIS MITE-BOX.

JOHN was a wide-awake boy, ten or twelve years of age. He lived with two fond aunts, who cared for him as tenderly, and who seemed to love him, as if indeed he was their very own. These two aunts lived in a very pleasant house in the country, in the midst of the most charming scenery. There were hills and dales, grand old forest trees, and a stream clear as crystal, which made the softest music day and night. There was a garden near the house filled with a great variety of flowers. And great luscious strawberries grew there in the season, and raspberries, and more good things than I can even mention. There was a grove of fir-trees adjoining the garden, and before the house there was a stretch of velvety lawn.

This was not John's own home. His mother lived in a pleasant town some distance away, but she had lent her little son to these two aunts, her own sisters; and do you wonder that John liked to stay where everything was so beautiful? This, too, had been his mamma's own home in her girlhood; and here there were merry gatherings still, for old and young found this house a delightful place. I suppose every

one was so happy here because the dear ladies who lived in the pleasant old family mansion had so much love in their hearts that it made sunshine all around them.

John's two aunts were not only interested in Sabbath-schools and churches, and every good work at home, and in the poor and sad around them, but they thought of, prayed for, and worked for the heathen in other lands. What a warm welcome these two good women gave to every missionary! And now that John had come into their home they welcomed these toilers for Christ from distant lands for the sake of their boy, as well as for their own sakes.

There came to this home not long ago two missionaries from India. John was much interested in their tales of life in that far-off land, and he wondered, with a sad surprise, how the heathen *could* worship such strange gods, fashioned by their own hands.

Some time after these missionaries had returned to their own field of labor, John's aunts, in order to keep alive the interest that had been awakened in the heathen in India, proposed that a mite-box should be put in some convenient place in the house, into which all might from time to time deposit their gifts. John

liked the suggestion, and took much pleasure in dropping into this safe little sums he had earned. As the store of treasure increased John was more delighted, I am sure, than if the whole had been designed for his own use. I know this matter was prayed over in the little household, and God's blessing asked upon the gifts so lovingly dropped into this mission-bank.

It had been arranged that the box should be opened after six months. Two days before the expiration of this time one of the aunts said :

"John, the six months are almost over, and I want you to look around and find some work to do, so that you can put in a nice sum at the last."

This John was quite willing to do, but there seemed just then no way to earn money, and the boy was much disappointed. I am not at all sure that he did not dream at night about the matter, which was so much in his thoughts by day.

He was wakened very early one morning by the voice of his Aunt Maggie calling for help. He rubbed his eyes, leaped out of bed, and dressed himself in great haste, wondering what was wanted. His aunt had risen before the dawn to attend to some household duty, and

before the outer doors had been opened she was startled to see flutter into the room some strange object. It had probably come in through one of the ventilators. But whatever it was, it was certainly an unwelcome intruder, and John had been called to aid in dislodging the creature. He came armed with a stick, and was soon much interested in the chase.

His aunt had opened a window and was trying to persuade the curious bird to escape by this means, when John suddenly called out :

“O, Aunt Maggie, don’t! It’s a screech owl, and I can get fifty cents for it if I kill it.”

The bird was captured and killed, and taking a hasty breakfast, John marched off with his prize, and received from the proper authorities the premium allowed—fifty-five cents, instead of fifty. How rich he felt!

In half an hour he was at the house again, and, “with the air of a conqueror,” marched to the mite-box and deposited therein fifty cents, saying as he did so :

“I bought a box of blacking for five cents, and the fifty cent piece goes in here.”

It was all his own thought, and the child was very happy. It seemed to him that God, who knew how much he wanted to add another gift

to the treasury before it was opened, had sent this bird to provide the means.

When the box was opened, and found to contain twenty dollars, John was greatly delighted. One of the aunts, in writing of this, says :

"The box is again in its place, and John has put in his first penny."

If the children who read this will try John's plan and use some portion of their gifts or their earnings for others, they will, I know, be far happier than if spending all they have selfishly. Try it, little friends.

CASTE.

A SUDRA boy by the wayside lay,
Moaning with hunger and pain,
The son of a Brahmin came that way,
Merry and haughty and vain.
He turned his eyes from the child who cried,
And quickly passed on the other side.

He'd scorn to bring, for a Sudra's sake,
A drink from the nearest spring ;
And the Sudra would not dare to take

From his hand the smallest thing.
So the sick boy waited there to die :
Are not Sudras low, and Brahmins high ?

O pride of false teaching ! pride of caste !
Wild tares in the vineyard sown !
Will the Lord of the Harvest find at last,
Ye were all in India grown !
Does a Christian's child, in heart e'er cry,
" My neighbor is low and I am high ? "

Such was the story Miss Teachwell told
To the girls in her mission band enrolled,
As they sat with her one day to sew.
She called it " A Tale of Weeds that grow,
In a Precious Garden." When 'twas done,
They pitied the Sudra, every one,
And blamed the Brahmin, and said that they
Could not have acted in such a way.
Susie and Caroline guessed at last,
" Hearts are like gardens, and pride makes caste.
In every country, its weeds will start
To choke love's flowers from the human heart."
But I think Katie a lesson caught
Deep in her mind from the story short ;
For she looked no more, with scornful curl

Of her lips, at Amy, the stranger girl,
But gently told her, as they went home,
"I'll lend you patterns, when next you come."

I was glad for this, and thought 'twas plain
That the heathen children o'er the main
Had a true friend in a child who tried
From her heart-garden to weed out pride.

MRS. HOWARD'S EXPERIENCE.

MRS. Howard had been missionary collector in a country church, but her husband's business calling him thence, they removed to the city of W. When comfortably settled, she and her husband sought their own special church in their city home.

Mrs. Howard was not forward and conceited, but was merely what should be termed prompt to obey the call of duty. She watched for opportunities to cultivate the tiniest plants in her Master's vineyard. Careful in obedience, conscious of her Lord's approval, she was in constant readiness to surmount the greatest obsta-

cles. She took part in the social gatherings as though it were a glad privilege. Even in the dry, uninteresting missionary meeting, she evinced the same spirit of earnestness. Ah, she was a living soul, a soul that inhaled the spiritual breezes of Heaven!

In course of time, it became necessary to appoint a treasurer. "She is the very person for that place," said the weary-hearted members. "She has courage; she would not dread to beg like the rest of us. She possesses so much confidence," said they. Accordingly Mrs. Howard found herself appointed to that office in the third month of her residence in W. She never thought of declining to accept the office. Was she not in the Master's vineyard, and was it her province to dictate the kind of work she would do?

"It was sometimes extremely difficult to collect missionary money when I resided in the country," thought she, "but there our membership was only fifty, while here it is nearly two hundred and fifty. I have never had anything to do with mission work in city churches, but think it must be much easier collecting than in the country. The houses are near together and give the impression of thrifty owners. Also I

notice all the members are well-dressed. If they give ten cents each, that will amount to over twenty dollars, which will more than cover our present dues. I propose to call upon every member of this church, if possible. I feel that less than this will fall short of my whole duty." Thus mused Mrs. Howard on the Sunday evening of her appointment. As she thought many would bring their offerings to her, she requested the pastor to announce from the pulpit that the amount pledged for missions had become due. She waited for a week, but not more than eight or ten appeared, so she set out herself one Tuesday afternoon in early summer. She was not only to collect, but to secure new pledges.

She was a cheery little woman, full of bright anticipations and possessed of qualifications to realize the fullest enjoyments of life. "I will call first on Deacon Brown's family," resolved she. Accordingly Deacon Brown's bell sent a sharp twang sounding through his habitation. She waited some time at the door, so took occasion to view the evidences of prosperity so plentifully displayed. It was an imposing mansion, beautiful grounds, all things in keeping. Presently the door was opened, a rustle of heavy silk, and her hand was clasped in Mrs. Brown's.

"I am happy to receive a call from you this fine afternoon."

"I cannot possibly stay, Mrs. Brown. I have come for your mission money which you know is due."

"Ah! I was not aware. I have had a cold and then it has been stormy, so I have not attended Sunday service for a number of Sabbaths. I am extremely sorry, but Mr. Brown has gone away and left no change at all. I have on hand only enough to make a few small purchases, which I must use before he returns."

Mrs. Howard mentally commented, "Why do they not have a missionary box and put in their gifts regularly? Why should not the Lord's work be systematically performed? Alas, the children of this world are wiser than the children of light!"

"I will be sure," continued Mrs. Brown, "to send it to you by Mr. Brown next Sabbath."

"I did not see you at our last missionary meeting, Mrs. Brown; only ten were present."

"I am very sorry, but Mr. Brown and the children want their tea just at six; after that it is too late to go. If it were at seven on some week-day evening, I think I might attend. To

have it on Sunday crowds too much into one day."

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. Howard as she turned away. "If the purest streams flow from the highest places in the church, what bitterness may I not taste ere I make my rounds?"

Just as she left the gate, she met the sexton of her own church. Was it a Free Baptist church? I refrain from answering. You may be able to determine for yourself as you read on.

"Mrs. Howard," said he, with a cordial handshake. "I was just going to your house. Wife emptied the contents of my mission box into my hand and sent me straight to you. We have been away, so did not remember that it was due till to-day."

"The dear woman," said Mrs. Howard.

"You may well say that! She has been the making of me. She believes in attending to the work of the Lord first. There is a dollar and a half," said he, dropping it into Mrs. Howard's hand. "As soon as we were married, Nancy made me leave off smoking and promise to put the money into the mission box. It was not long before I was a converted man, thank the Lord."

"Ye shall have an hundred fold in this life,

and in the world to come life eternal," said Mrs. Howard, as she resumed her way.

She called next on Mrs. Grant, a stylish dress-maker. Fifteen and twenty-five dollars oftentimes fell to her lot as a reward for the artistic costumes she invented. But it cost much to carry on her establishment, so she could do comparatively little for missions. "However," she said, "I think I can pay up my old subscription and pledge a cent a week for the year to come."

"Do you take the *Missionary Helper*, and do you know how much our missions are suffering for timely aid."

"No, I do not take it. I want my thirty cents for other purposes. I should not have time to read it, if I did take it. No person in this society works harder than I do. Half the time I am so tired I can't think." This from a lady who has no cares save her own dear self. No one in the church dressed more finely than herself. Was it her duty to work so hard that her faculties could not have their healthful play? The sensible way is plain dresses and more rest.

Mrs. Howard next called on Mrs. Maxton. This lady's name was on the *church book*, but she had not been seen in church for years. In

course of conversation Mrs. Howard told her something of the needs of the mission cause, and said, "Can you not pledge one cent per week? All Church members do as much as that."

"I can't do *anything*," said she. "I don't make any profession whatever now. The Church is not what it used to be when I joined. It has drifted beyond its moorings. People don't attend as they used to. It is getting to be rather a stylish society. There are many vacant seats. My seat is vacant, but I'm *just as good as them that goes*."

"I can think of many in the Church that I deem *pure-hearted, earnest Christians*."

"Now I can't tell for the life of me who they are."

"Do you often meet them?" asked Mrs. Howard.

"No, I can't say as I do; but I hear enough about their gossiping, cheating, and all that sort. I wouldn't give the snap of my finger for all the Christianity in this city. I believe in lifting up the poor at home. These high, tony city churches scarcely tolerate their own poor."

"You are very wrong, Mrs. Maxton. Our Church spends more for-home missionaries than for foreign."

“ Well, Ezekiel and I haven’t much, but if we do *anything*, we shall help some of the poor right here on this street.”

“ If I may be so inquisitive, what families have you assisted the past year ?”

“ Well, we’ve been moving this year and had a good many expenses, so I don’t know as we helped anybody in particular. We don’t keep no account, nor ain’t denominational. My husband, Ezekiel, belongs to the Odd Fellows and Masons, so pays in money that way to help poor widows, and that’s Bible doctrine, pure religion and undefiled. You just have your life squared by their rules, and you go ahead of any Church member that ever saw the light of day. Why, its all founded on the Bible. King Solomon, or wise Solomon, was a Mason, and I believe in living a prudent woman, ’cording to his saying, not go brawling round over the house-top teasing your husband for money for missions, when the tax-gatherer and beggar are after us all the time. I shouldn’t get it, if I did, so there !”

When Mrs. Maxton paused for breath, Mrs. Howard seized the opportunity to take leave of the hardened Church member, musing how dead are they who are hardened in sin.

Many, on whom she called, willingly gave of

their substance. Others gave but grudgingly. One lady was over-sensitive and remarked, "None of the members ever call except when on a mission or begging tour. There is no brotherly love in the Church. I give you of my portion to aid the cause, but hope the heathen will not take our Church for a pattern for theirs. It's more than two months since *our minister* has called at our house, and within that time I have *seen him* go into our nearest neighbor's *four times*."

Mrs. Howard remembered having heard that an invalid mother lived in that house, but as she did not believe in casting pearls before swine, she made no response.

In course of time Mrs. Howard succeeded in getting together the required amount, and it was sent away to aid in the great, grand work, but city collecting was very similar to collecting in the country after all, and was very productive of the same distasteful weariness.

The attendance at the next meeting was little larger than before, although the hour had been changed to one deemed more convenient. Finally it was appointed on a week-day evening, but the very persons who had complained of the hour were among the absent ones. Its was only

the faithful few who presented themselves to do the work of the Lord. What should be done? What *could* they *do*? They resolved to use the Christian's weapon of warfare; they resorted to prayer, held weekly meetings, visited the members, induced them to have tea earlier and make slight sacrifices for the sake of attending the meetings, for the faithful few had concluded that the small attendance was not caused by the inconvenience of the day or hour, but by want of "More love to Thee, O Christ." A revival commenced. Its sweet spirit pervaded the entire Church, and even extended beyond its precincts. It had experienced "More love to Thee, O Christ." They were no longer servants paying unwilling homage to an exacting master. They felt themselves sons and daughters of the great King. It was the joyous service of love and faith.

Now there were *many* to aid in making the missionary meeting interesting. The young girls no longer refused to take part, saying, "I have no confidence." They were now even *willing* to make blunders, could they but feebly aid in the Master's work.

Mrs. Howard was no longer required to go out collecting missionary money, for the offer-

ings were all brought into the treasury of the Lord, even to the widow's mite. It is needless to say that that Church was blessed beyond measure. The Lord tore the vines of selfishness from their hearts and flooded them with the light of Heaven in the person of the Son of Righteousness whose brightness shone out through them, even lightening the way of those sitting in heathen darkness. The gospel-hardened heathen in their own city were brought to their knees in the presence of their God. Poor Mrs. Maxton, in humble penitence, sought communion with her Maker, side by side with the purest characters whose reputation her gossiping tongue had attempted to tarnish, and the Lord listened to her heartfelt petitions.

He caused his children to feel that the hosts and armies of heaven were pledged for their defense against the powers of evil and darkness. The oil of grace removed from their hearts all the corroding selfishness which prevents the working of the Holy Spirit in the soul, and they were prepared to effect a grand work in the Master's vineyard, and to claim the promise, "Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."



CHINESE GIRL AND BOY.

GOING TO SCHOOL IN CHINA.

BY REV. J. A. DAVIS.

THE written Chinese is not an alphabetic, but a sign language; that is, the words are not expressed by letters, but by signs or characters, each word having its own special and distinct sign, each differing from all the others. There are as many as ten thousand in common use, and twenty-five thousand—some say more, and one author says two hundred and fifty thousand—different characters in the written language of China. To learn these twenty-five thousand, or even the ten thousand, is almost an impossibility; so it is not probable that there lives any one person that can read all Chinese books.

The men of that country respect and value education; and most of them are proud of any ability to read that they may possess. They even pretend to be able to read when their knowledge of the characters is very small. When they come into the Christian chapels, each one is ready to accept a hymn-book, and most of them know enough of numbers to find the place; but it is not an unusual thing to find a man singing from a book that he holds upside down.

If the men had time, and money to spare, all would no doubt get an education, but poverty forbids. Only few women can read. It is hardly thought worth while to send a girl to school.

Schools are not free in China, nor are they usually open to all. Occasionally benevolent men hire a teacher or open a school to teach those who have time to learn and yet have no money to pay; but most of the schools are supported by the relatives of the pupils. A number of families usually unite and hire a teacher for their children; though in the homes of the rich a special teacher, or it may be several teachers, are employed to educate the children. While there are schools supported by the Government, the pupils are expected to pay in presents to the teachers. It is said that an allowance is also made by the Government to the successful pupils in these schools.

There are no schoolhouses, as we think of them, in China. Schools are taught in any room that may afford shelter from the cold and heat, sun and storm. These are sometimes only sheds; at other times small, dark rooms connected with the dwelling; and not rarely are they parts of some idol temple. The furniture consists of a

seat and table for the teacher, and benches and desks for the scholars. Those for the pupils have usually very little ornament or beauty. Occasionally some sentences from noted writers, or the names of wise men, adorn the walls.

When the boys meet at the beginning of a term, though a scholar may enter at any time, they are examined by the teacher as to their knowledge. If it be a child's first day at school, he is soon and with little ceremony started on the road to learning. In former days the father who brought his son, led him, after an introduction to the teacher, to the name of Confucius, or of some other great name of the past, and taught his boy to bow to that name as though reverencing his greatness and worshipping his memory. This custom is more and more neglected now, and may soon be forgotten.

When the school is opened the teacher calls around the boys who are equally far advanced, and reads a line or two of their lesson. As soon as his voice is still, all at once shout out the words he read. The teacher listens and corrects any mistakes; then he has them repeat the line and continue the repetition until all can read it correctly. They are then sent to their seats to fix both sound and sign of the words in their

minds. Others are called up to go through the same course, until all have received their lessons. The boy who has never read a word is taught to study in the same way, the only difference being in the book from which the lesson is given. The book for beginners is called the "Three Character Classic," because composed of short sentences of three words each.

The scholars all study aloud, and often each tries to outdo his neighbor in shouting. That they think is hard study. When all are diligently studying, the teacher may be able to hear a good-sized clap of thunder, but ordinary sounds outside do not disturb his meditation. When there is a lull in the sound, the teacher speaks or raps on his desk, and the harmonious inharmony redoubles its volume. The Chinese think that noise and study go together.

When a boy is ready to recite, he takes his book to the teacher, and, as is said in China, "backs the book," that is, he turns his back on book and teacher, and recites the lesson. If well recited, a commendation and a new lesson are given, and the pupil returns to his desk to add to the volume of sound already filling the room.

The boys are also, at the beginning of their education, taught to write the characters; and

in these two studies they may spend a year, and even several years. After the pupil has learned to read many characters, the teacher begins to explain the meaning of the words and phrases read. After a while the scholar is taught to write sentences and compositions of his own; he may also be taught a little history, but not much beside. Grammar, arithmetic, geography, philosophy, and other studies are seldom taught, in many schools never. Probably, except as compelled by business, not one Chinaman in a hundred thousand knows anything about other languages; and their knowledge of other nations is very slight. To the ordinary Chinaman the world is very little more than a square plot of ground a hundred miles or more across, with his own home in the centre.

A boy designed for business must gain his business education, especially a knowledge of accounts and letter writing, in places of business, not in the school. Business is for business, schools for reading.

The length of time spent at school varies from one day to a lifetime. The Chinese system of education such as it is, gives opportunity for a man to study till he dies of old age, and it is not an unheard-of fact for a grandfather, father,

and son to be students at the same time and place, each studying with the hope of graduating with the highest degree at Peking. It may be that the grandson will graduate first, and the grandfather receive his degree, too, before death closes the school to him.

CHINESE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

I SEND you an account of an annual festival called by foreigners the "Feast of Lanterns," as celebrated here—one of the methods which Satan adopts to delude the poor people. We took advantage of the festival to preach the Gospel to a number of country people who came in to see the lanterns.

It was a very dark, cloudy night. Every house and shop, with the exception of our own home, had three or four lanterns hanging in rows. Muffled in red silk, they cast a subdued light all down the street, which was very pleasing, yet only seemed to make the darkness more intense. The sound of gongs and cymbals, drums, fifes, and fiddles, and brass trumpets announced the approach of the procession, which

was an hour or more passing our house. The band of music came first, followed by two artillerymen, who fired huge crackers which startled the men and made the women and children scream. A party of little ragged boys trotted after the fireworks, each carrying a large square box of candles all blazing away, their light being hidden by folds of calico cut out in curious shapes, with holes for grotesque little figures to dance in—not unlike the “shadow-shows” we used to make in the nursery in youthful days. When the ragged urchins had played their part and passed on, an interval of silence succeeded, broken only by whisperings among the women, the men gazing stolidly down the street for the appearance of the next part of the procession, and smoking away at their pipes. Soft music was soon heard, and several thin old gentlemen, blowing flutes and others scraping on fiddles, seconded by boys tapping gently on tambourines, put in an appearance in slow, solemn step. They preceded a long train of respectable citizens, each bearing a banner with his name upon it, who came on two by two. The three lighted lanterns on the head of each banner, swinging twenty feet in the air, reflected light upon the gold characters

pasted upon crimson silk—characters praising all sorts of false gods, too many to mention, for, like the devils spoken of in the Bible, their name is “Legion.” One hundred of these banners passed us with their tiny little bells tinkling as they went along. When shall we have a hundred citizens of Kin-hwa praising the name of the Lord Jesus publicly? Thank God, some of the poorer sort are pressing into the kingdom; but, alas! the rich remain outside.

Suddenly the darkness was illumined by the arrival of twelve little boys carrying lanterns shaped like huge fish, curved in a way which made them look very natural. Some salmon preceded a number of blue dog-fish with large goggle eyes, and such comical movements of their flexible bodies. Candles burned inside each of the fish. Occasionally one would burn out, and an attendant boy, with a big bundle of candles, would rush into the procession and repair the damage with as much importance as a new policeman or an old waiter.

While I was thinking how much I would like to get these boys into a school and teach them about Jesus, another band of music headed a string of lads who each bore a green lantern shaped like a grasshopper, with candles shining

through the green paper with such a fantastic light. They moved about very steadily, exhibiting far too much dignity for grasshoppers. Then came more big and little fishes, more music, crackers, and banners, then a couple of lanterns like fighting cocks, pecking and striking at each other in a most furious manner. This effect was caused by strings pulled from below by the men carrying the lanterns. A tremendous explosion of crackers followed, and, surrounded by smoke and flame, a huge dragon made its appearance. Its head was made of wood, richly carved and gilded, and it was surrounded by a crest of about eighty coloured lanterns, in which red was the prevailing colour. This head, which reared up, was borne on a frame by about forty men. The body was in curves, and as it twisted, and groaned, and curled hither and thither it reminded one of that "old serpent," who has so long deceived this poor people. The long, coloured body, with illuminated scales of red, green, and yellow, was one hundred and seventy-five feet long, and was carried by eighty-five coolies. No sooner had the dragon gone than a tremendous chattering began among the people: "What a fine sight! How cleverly managed!" etc., etc., with other

remarks which clearly indicated that the dragon was the main feature of the procession.

More fish—big and little, red, green, blue, and yellow—more crackers, music, shadow-shows, more banners, borne by all sorts of people. Then clanging cymbals, special honours in the way of fireworks, and, amid a cloud of incense, a big, gilded idol passed, borne by coolies and attended by priests. Next came a miniature temple, with gardens all complete, lighted with wax tapers. A cry of delight arose from the people when a cluster of lanterns, ten feet high by fifteen feet round, made in imitation of a greatly prized flower, passed by. It was inexpressibly beautiful. This flower in nature is like a red dahlia, but as large as a small cabbage when cultivated.

Now came eight or ten mythical scenes taken from the history of China, in various ways attended by music. The ground work of these set pieces was illuminated; and in the midst of paper trees, mountains, and rocks, sat little boys and tiny girls proudly showing their grand dresses as emperors and empresses of the olden time.

These idol-processions, how they bind the hearts of the people to their false gods! From

infancy to the grave, their joys and holidays are all in some way or other mixed up with idolatry. Sober merchants, acute officials, intelligent scholars, kind-hearted matrons, winning girls, and bold, handsome lads—all with many features that draw out love, if with some which repel—are the slaves of these false teachings which are Satan's devices. Pray for them, and for us who live among them, and do all you can to love and serve Him who loved us, even to the death of the cross. To the ever-blessed and only true God be eternal glory and praise. Amen.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF WEE-SUH-KA-CHAAK—AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOATING down the long reaches of the Saskatchewan was tedious work, and I sought at times to relieve the monotony by questioning Mr. Steinhauer and Sam about the habits, traditions, &c., of the Indian tribes. Gradually the answers shaped themselves into Indian stories and legends. By taking notes, I managed to gather the leading features of one wonderful

tale, namely—"How Wee-suh-ka-chaak drowned the world, and made it over again."

In the legends of nearly all Indian tribes there is a being who forms the central figure in the stories which Indian mothers tell to their children. Among the Ojibways he is called Nah-nah-shoo, but among the Crees he is known as We-suh-ka-chaak. He is regarded as possessing supernatural powers, and many wonderful things are ascribed to him. Of his origin little is known, but he had a father and a mother, and one brother. In this family, as in others, there were occasional disturbances, and in one of these the old man killed his wife, and cut off her head. He then told Wee-suh-ka-chaak to take his little brother and run away. He also gave him a flint, a fire-steel, and an awl, and said,—

"If your mother's head goes after you, throw first the flint, then the fire-steel, and then the awl behind you, and repeat the words I tell you."

So he told him the words, and Wee-suh-ka-chaak took his little brother, the flint, the fire-steel, and the awl, and went away; and sure enough, the mother's head went rolling after them, calling for her children. So Wee-suh-ka-chaak threw the flint behind him and cried,—

"Let a great wall of rock rise up all across the earth!"

No sooner said than done. A great wall of rock did rise up, and that is why the Rocky Mountains stretch along the continent to this day.

When the head came to the wall of rock it could not get over it at first; but by perseverance at last succeeded, and went rolling on as before. Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak threw the fire-steel behind him, and cried,—

"Let a great fire rise up and stretch across the earth!"

So a great fire rose up, the remains of which can be seen in the extinct volcanoes of the Sierras and Rocky Mountains. When the head came to the fire it stopped; but after a time got through, singed and roasted, and went rolling on again, calling for her children. Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak threw the awl behind him and cried,—

"Let a great hedge of thorns spring up, and reach across the earth!"

At once the thorns sprang up, forming a seemingly impassable wall, parts of which may yet be seen in the hedges of giant cactus-plants in the south. But in some way the head man-

aged to get through, and went rolling on, calling after her children.

After a time, Wee-suh-ka-chaak and his brother came to a large river, and seeing a pelican swimming about, he said,—

“Grandfather! take us across to the other side, for our mother is coming after us, and will kill us.”

So the pelican took them on his back, and carried them safely to the other side.

After a time the head came to the river, and seeing the pelican, said,—

“I am going after my children: take me to the other side, and I will marry you.”

But the pelican did not seem to be very anxious for this, and went to work very slowly. The head tried to hurry him up, but he said,—

“You must sit still; my neck is very sore.”

Near the middle of the river were some boulders, rising above the water, and the pelican, suddenly throwing his burden upon one of these, broke the head all to pieces, and the brains may be seen to this day, floating on the river in flood-time in large masses of foam!

So this was the end of Wee-suh-ka-chaak's mother.

Wee-suh-ka-chaak and his brother journeyed

on till they came to a beautiful lake with a sandy beach, where they remained ; and Wee-suh-ka-chaak did all he could to amuse his brother. Among other things, he made him a ball. One day, when playing with it, the ball fell into a canoe they had not noticed before, in which sat an old man, whose name was Wa-me-shoose. Wee-suh-ka-chaak called to him, and said,—

“Throw back my brother’s ball ; he wants to play with it.”

But Wa-me-shoose said,—

“Come into the canoe and get it yourself.”

But Wee-suh-ka-chaak did not like to go. Then the old man said,—

“Let your brother come and get it.”

But the brother would not go ; so Wee-suh-ka-chaak concluded to go himself. Then Wa-me-shoose put his paddle from the canoe to the shore, and said,—

“Step on that, and you can get into the canoe.”

Wee-suh-ka-chaak did so, and when he was nearly over, the old man suddenly tipped up the paddle, and threw Wee-suh-ka-chaak into the canoe, and with a single stroke sent the canoe out into the lake.

Wee-suh-ka-chaak's brother saw them go, and cried,—

“Brother! brother! come back, or I'll be changed into a wolf! I'll be changed into a wolf! O-o-o-ow-w-w!” And he sent forth a prolonged howl as though he were a wolf already.

But Wee-suh-ka-chaak could not come back. He remained away for a long time, and then came back, but no one knows when or how. When he landed he began to seek for his brother, but could find only a wolf's track on the shore. Soon he heard a wolf howl, and meeting him soon after recognized the wolf as his brother, and thenceforth they became companions.

Some time after they went to another lake, and here Wee-suh-ka-chaak made bows and arrows for his brother to amuse himself with; and he said to him,—

“Don't shoot your arrows into the water, or if you do, don't go after them, lest some great evil befall you.”

But little wolves, like little boys, are sometimes very self-willed; so in spite of the warning Wee-suh-ka-chaak's brother one day shot an arrow into the water, and went after it; when he was seized and killed by one of the lions who

live in the water, and his skin made into a covering for a tent door !

Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak went all about the lake, seeking for his brother. Seeing a Kingfisher gazing intently into the water, he said,—

“What are you looking at?”

And the Kingfisher replied, “I am looking at the little lions playing with the skin of Wee-suh-ka-chaak’s brother.”

“Do they ever go ashore?” asked Wee-suh-ka-chaak.

“Yes,” said the Kingfisher; “they go ashore on very warm days to sun themselves on the beach.”

Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak said, “If you will tell me where they go ashore, I will paint you, and make you a very handsome bird.”

So the Kingfisher showed him the place, and Wee-suh-ka-chaak painted him as he had promised, and made him a very handsome bird, putting a collar of white wampum about his neck, and a tuft of beautiful feathers on the top of his head.

Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak took his bow and arrows and went to the place where the lions came on shore. Here he changed himself into a stump and waited. One hot day many of the



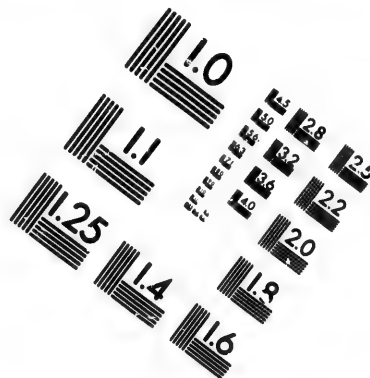
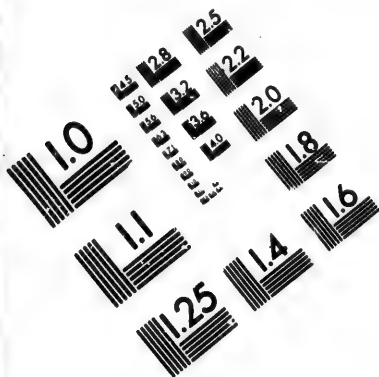
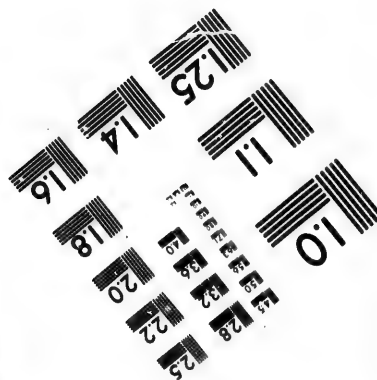
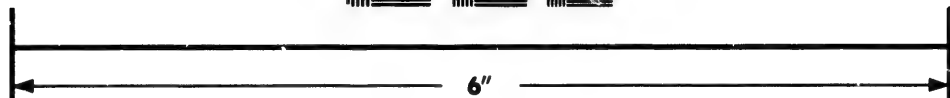
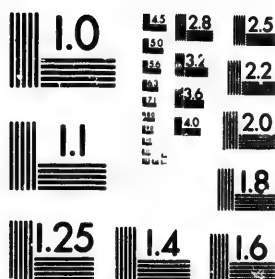


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lions came ashore, and seeing the stump, one of them said,—

“Why should a stump be here where none was before?”

And another said,—

“Let us go and pull it down.”

So they went and began to scratch and pull at poor Wee-suh-ka-chaak till they had like to have torn him in pieces. But they could not pull him over. And at last they got tired, and lay down to sleep.

When Wee-shu-ka-chaak saw they were asleep, he took his bow, and aiming at the King Lion, sent an arrow deep into his side; at which the Lion roared, and they all hurried back into the water; while Wee-suh-ka-chaak went to his lodge. The next day he went back to the shore, and as he was going he met a Toad, who appeared like an old woman. She was shaking a rattle and singing,—

“Sā-now-weh qua-neh sa-ne yah-neh-ā-ā-ā.”
Which means,—“I am the rattling quill.”

“Granny,” said Wee-suh-ka-chaak, “where are you going?”

“Oh,” said she, “I am going to conjure the King of the Lions, who was wounded yesterday by Wee-suh-ka-chaak.”

"Will you teach me the tune and how to use the rattle?" said Wee-suh-ka-chaak.

The old woman consented; but as soon as Wee-suh-ka-chaak had learned the tune, and how to use the rattle, he killed the old woman, and stripping off her skin, put it upon himself. He then took the rattle and went off under the water to the house of the Sea Lions. When he got to the lodge of the King Lion, he saw his brother's skin hanging over the door-way. He went in, and then told the other lions that they must put up a division in the lodge, as he must be alone when conjuring for the King Lion to heal him of his wound. So they made a partition, and left Wee-suh-ka-chaak alone with the King Lion.

Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak began to shake his rattle and to sing—"Sa-now-weh qua-neh seh-ne yah-neh-a-a-a;" but instead of pulling out the arrow, he pushed it farther in.

Then the King of the Lions cried out that Wee-suh-ka-chaak was killing him; whereupon the other lions raised a great commotion and rushed into the lodge, and Wee-suh-ka-chaak had only time to snatch his brother's skin from the door-way, and run for his life; but as he ran he changed his brother into a living wolf again.

When Wee-suh-ka-chaak got to shore, the lions sent a great flood of water after him. It rose higher and higher, and he climbed the highest hills to get out of the way; but still the water rose. Then he gathered all the sticks and pieces of wood he could find, and made a raft on which he floated. By-and-by the water covered the very highest hills, and Wee-suh-ka-chaak saw that the world was drowned!

After a time he began to consider what could be done. Looking around he saw some water animals who had not been drowned, so he called the Beaver, the Otter, and the Muskrat, and they came upon the raft. Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak said to the Beaver—

“Go down to the bottom, and see if you can bring me a little earth.”

So the Beaver went down, and remained a long time. At last he came up, but he was dead. Wee-suh-ka-chaak examined his mouth and paws, but there was nothing in them. Then he said to the Otter—

“Go down to the bottom and see if you can bring me a little earth.”

So the Otter went down; but he, too, came up dead, and brought nothing.

Last of all he sent the Muskrat, who stayed

down a very long time, and at last came up dead; but on examining closely, Wee-suh-ka-chaak found a little mud in his paws and in his mouth.

Then Wee-sun-ka-chaak took the Beaver, the Otter, and the Muskrat, and restored them to life; after which he took the mud which the Muskrat had brought up, rolled it into a little ball, laid it on his raft, and began to blow upon it. As he blew it began to get larger, and grew very large indeed. Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak said to the Wolf—

“My brother, run around this world that I have made and see how large it is.”

So the Wolf ran around. It took him a long time, but he came back at last and said the world was very large. But Wee-suh-ka-chaak thought it was not large enough yet. So he blew again and made it very much larger. Then he sent out a crow and said—

“Fly around my world and see how large it is.”

So the crow went out, but never came back again; and Wee-suh-ka-chaak concluded the world was large enough. And this is the story of how Wee-suh-ka-chaak drowned the world, and made it over again.

SCHOOLBOYS IN CHEH-KIANG.

THE Rev. J. C. Hoare describes the Mission day-schools in the country districts round Ningpo, in which both heathen and Christian Chinese are taught :

“It is interesting to notice how well the Christian boys did in the examination; none failed to reach the third class, the majority of the first class were Christians, though the proportion of Christians to heathens is less than one to four. I attribute this in part to the fact that the Christian parents are getting more alive to the importance of early education, but I also most truly believe that the Holy Spirit of God quickens the understandings of these little boys. When I tell you that to obtain a first class place, a boy has to repeat twenty-four pages of Scripture—say the whole of St. Mark’s Gospel—thrice that amount of native classics, in addition to reading and writing in both the Chinese character and the Roman character, the repetition of the Catechism, and a *viva voce* examination in the life of our Lord, and one or two books from the Old Testmant, you will appreciate the fact that Chinese boys of the age of twelve have considerable powers of work, and

that the young school-masters who teach them have to work hard to attain to such results.

"The *viva voce* examination in Scripture is always interesting. Ask them what I will in the set subjects, they seldom fail to give a correct answer; usually in words very nearly approximating to the words of Scripture. We surely cannot but believe that the seed thus sown in the hearts of these boys will bring forth fruit hereafter unto eternal life. For the teaching done in these schools is not mere training of the intellect; some of the masters, at any rate, realise that their work is to lead these boys to the Saviour. Not long ago I was catechising the Tsôngts'eng school during a Sunday afternoon service, and was speaking of the fatherly care which God takes of all his children. After speaking at some length about the temporal blessings of food and raiment, I asked, scarcely expecting an answer, 'But what clothing does God provide for the soul?' Without any hesitation, a small boy of eleven years old—the only Christian in the school—cried out, 'The righteousness of Christ.'"

A HEATHEN WOMAN'S PRAYER.

THE following prayer was written by a pupil of one of the British Zenana Missionaries—one of the few Indian women who can read and write—one who has tasted of the bitter sorrow and degradation of Hindu widowhood from her childhood, one who does not yet know the true Saviour who can heal her woes, but who cries to us from her distant home, with a very bitter cry, to come to her relief :

THE PRAYER.

“O Lord, hear my prayer ! No one has turned an eye on the oppression that we poor women suffer, though with weeping, and crying, and desire, we have turned to all sides, hoping that some would save us. No one has lifted up his eyelids to look upon us, or inquire into our case. We have searched above and below, but Thou art the only One who wilt hear our complaint—Thou knowest our impotence, our degradation, our dishonor.

O Lord, inquire into our case. For ages dark ignorance has brooded over our minds and spirits ; like a cloud of dust it rises and wraps us round, and we are like prisoners in an old

and mouldering house, choked and buried in the dust of custom, and we have no strength to go out. Bruised and beaten, we are like the dry husks of the sugar-cane when the sweet juice has been extracted. All-knowing God, hear our prayer, forgive our sins and give us power of escape, that we may see something of Thy world. O Father, when shall we be set free from this jail? For what sin have we been born to live in this prison! From Thy throne of judgment justice flows, but it does not reach us; in this our life-long misery, only *in-justice* comes near us.

O Thou Hearer of Prayer, *if* we have sinned against Thee, forgive; but we are too ignorant to know what sin is. Must the punishment of sin fall on those who are too ignorant to know what it is? O great Lord, our name is written with drunkards, with lunatics, with imbeciles, with the very animals; as they are not responsible, we are not. Criminals, confined in the jails for life are happier than we, for they know something of Thy world. They were not born in prison, but we have not for one day, no, not even in our dreams, seen Thy world; to us it is nothing but a name; and not having seen the world, we cannot know Thee, its Maker. Those

who have seen Thy works may learn to understand Thee, but for us, who are shut in, it is not possible to learn to know Thee. We see only the four walls of the house. Shall we call them the world, or India? We have been born in this jail, we have died here, and are dying.

O Father of the world, hast Thou not created us? or has, perchance, some other God made us? Dost Thou care only for men? Hast Thou no thought for us women? Why hast Thou created us male and female? O Almighty, hast Thou not power to make us other than we are, that we too might have some share in the comforts of this life? The cry of the oppressed is heard even in the world. Then can'st Thou look upon our victim hosts, and shut Thy doors of justice? O God Almighty and Unapproachable, think upon Thy mercy, which is like a vast sea, and remember us. O Lord save us, for we cannot bear our hard lot; many of us have killed ourselves, and we are still killing ourselves. O God of mercy, our prayer to Thee is this, that the curse may be removed from the women of India. Create in the hearts of men some sympathy, that our lives may no longer be passed in vain longing, that saved by Thy mercy, we may taste something of the joys of life."

THE ZULU CHIEF—A CONTRAST.

BY MRS. E. S. WEST.

THE Zulus, or the inhabitants of Zululand, a large province in South-Eastern Africa, are a fierce and savage people. In January, 1879, war between Cetewayo, the Zulu king, and the English Government commenced, and continued until Cetewayo was made a prisoner and sent to England.

It was during this war also that the Prince Imperial, son of the late Emperor Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie, was surprised and killed by the Zulus. You will remember it, and the grief of his widowed mother at the death of her only son.

The houses of the Zulus are shaped like beehives, covered with thatch, with an opening on one side about two feet high, which answers the purpose of door, windows, and chimney, and no floor but the cold, damp earth.

The kraals, or villages, consist of a number of these huts, built in a circle, with the open space in the centre for cattle.

Near one of these Zulu kraals lived an English missionary, Rev. John Allsopp, who was in the



A YOUNG ZULU.

habit of preaching to and teaching the people of the village, as well as those in the country about it.

At one time the principal chief of the tribe in which he lived sickened and died. The custom there is that, when any great man dies, a number of men and women, generally slaves, are buried alive or killed, for it is believed that their spirits accompany him to the other world, to wait upon him. So, when a messenger came early to tell Mr. Allsopp that the chief had died, he felt very sad, for he knew what it might prove to many; and he knew also how careful the Zulus were to follow the customs of their ancestors. But he mounted his horse and rode to the kraal, to see the young chief whose father had just died; and on his way he passed several hills, on which he saw a number of people sitting in great terror, fearing lest they were to be killed or buried alive at this time. It was a pitiful sight!

When Mr. Allsopp reached the kraal, the young chief took him to see his father, and there the dead man was, sitting, not lying, with his blanket thrown over him.

He went back into the open space in the centre, and as he and the young man stood

together, with clasped hands and tears in their eyes, the latter said :

“My father is dead. Who will guide me and tell me what I shall do?”

Mr. Allsopp said to him :

“My friend, you have heard the Gospel, and know your duty. Shall the news go throughout South Africa and to Christian nations that you will shed the blood of your people? Or, that you are a man of mercy, and will show your power to do what is right? Give me your word?”

As the good missionary said this, the prayer went silently up from his heart to the God who always hears us, that He would incline this young man to save the lives of the poor people in his power. You have read the beautiful story of the Prophet Nehemiah, who was cup-bearer to king Artaxerxes, in the royal palace of Shushan in Persia. How he prayed to the King of kings in his heart, as he stood in the presence of his master the king of Persia, and presented his request to return to Jerusalem to rebuild it; and how quickly the answer came!

So it was in this case. Mr. Allsopp's prayer was answered, for the chief looked steadily in his face and said :

"*Umfundisi* (or missionary), not a man shall die."

The missionary took him by the hand again, and answered :

"I believe you. The chief has spoken. Not a man shall die. Farewell."

"Doubt me not," he replied ; "not a man shall die."

And he was true to his word, for after Mr. Allsopp left him he sent for the men who had been selected to die, and who would have been slain in a few minutes, and said to them :

"You know that the old councillors and the witch doctors would have you die ; but I say, No. Go and live on such a hill ; there you will be safe, and nobody shall harm you."

And so it was. It was a brave act for the young chief, for it was different from the customs of the Zulus, and no omission of this kind had ever taken place before.

This shows also how the love of Jesus will soften the wildest and most savage, making them gentle and courteous.

“SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.”

“And she that tarried at home divided the spoil.”

I COULD not do the work the reapers did,
Or bind the golden sheaves that thickly fell,
But I could follow by the Master's side,
Watching the marréd Face I loved so well.
Right in my path lay many a ripened ear
Which I would stoop and gather joyfully,
I did not know the Master placed them there,
“Handfuls of purpose” that He left for me.

I could not cast the heavy fisher net,
I had not strength or wisdom for the task,
So on the sun-lit sands, with spray-drops wet
I sat, while earnest prayers rose thick and fast;
I pleaded for the Master's blessing, where
My brethren toiled upon the wide world sea;
Or ever that I knew, his smile so fair
Shone, beaming sweet encouragement on me.

I could not join the glorious soldier band,
I never heard their thrilling battle-cry,
The work allotted by the Master's hand
Kept me at home, while others went to die.

And yet, when victory crowned the struggle long,
And spoils were homeward brought, both rich
and rare,

He let me help to chant the triumph song,
And bade me in the gold and jewels share.

Oh, Master dear! the tiniest work for Thee
Finds recompense beyond our highest thought,
And feeble hands that worked but tremblingly,
The richest colors in Thy Fabric wrought.
We are content to take what Thou shalt give,
To do or suffer as Thy choice shall be;
Forsaking all Thy wisdom bids us leave,
Glad in the thought that we are pleasing Thee!

EVA TRAVERS POOLE.

RUE'S HEATHEN.

THE long line of blue check aprons followed the other line of small blue jackets through the wide hall, up the bare, polished stairs, and into the clean, airy chapel. Then, at a signal, every apron and jacket slipped into its appointed place, and the large room was still. Little Rue's apron had been about midway in the procession, and so she found a seat near the middle of the

chapel, where, swinging the small feet, that could not quite touch the floor, she looked listlessly out through the window opposite, over a beautiful view of grove and meadow, and then up at the white ceiling, where a great fly buzzed at his pleasure, without having to walk in line.

On the platform a man in fine broadcloth and gold spectacles was beginning to talk ; but Rue only listened dreamily.

“ My dear children, I am delighted to visit this grand institution—to see so many of you in this beautiful home, so well cared for, so well instructed, and so happy.”

Rue wondered why all the men who talked there said that. She wondered if he really would like to eat and sleep, and walk in a row, and always wear a blue check apron. Then she forgot all about him, in watching the sunlight play on the small head immediately in front of her. What a brilliant red head it was ! And then a bright thought occurred to Rue. A few of those hairs, twisted together, would make a beautiful chain for the neck of her china doll, her one treasure ; and, of course, Mary Jane Sullivan would never miss them, if she only pulled out one here and there.

Forward crept Rue's eager little fingers ; but they were too nervous in their haste to be sure that they held but a single coarse hair before they twitched, and the result was a sudden explosive "Ow !" from Mary Jane, the turning of a battery of eyes in that direction, and an immediate investigation by the authorities into the cause of the disturbance. Poor little Rue was marched off in disgrace ; but, as she reached the door, she heard the speaker say :

"I am sorry this has happened ; sorry that any one should miss what I am going to say ; for I hoped to interest all these dear children in the work of sending the gospel to the heathen."

It was kind of him to call them *all* dear children after that dreadful event, Rue reflected, as, with burning cheeks and tearful eyes, she stood, with a number of other little culprits, in one of the wide halls, for even punishment was in rows at the Home. Shifting her weight from one restless foot to the other, yet trying to stand sufficiently upright to answer the requirements of the penance, Rue did sincerely wish that she had been a good girl and remained quietly in the chapel, partly because of the humiliation that had befallen her, but also because she

wanted to hear what he had to say on the particular subject he had named.

"Why didn't he begin with that? and then I'd have listened!" she thought, rather resentfully. Far back among Rue's few shadowy memories of the past, of love, and mother, and a home that was not *the* Home, was a dim recollection of some curious articles which her baby hands had only been allowed to touch carefully, because they were mementoes of an uncle who had died far away on a mission field. "So it would have been most like hearing about my relations; only I haven't got any," mused Rue. "Oh, dear! I wish I'd staid good and hadn't pulled Mary Jane's hair. I didn't mean to, anyhow."

She tried to find out about it, afterwards, by inquiring of one of the other girls.

"Oh! he wanted the children to try and save up something, so they could help send Bibles to the heathen. Guess, if he lived here long, he'd find we hadn't anything to save," was the hurried reply.

Bibles! That was where Rue was rich. She actually had two that she had brought from that faintly remembered home.

"I don't s'pose I'll read one of 'em to pieces ;

not if I used it till I'm a big woman," she said to herself. "I might give the other one. I ought to help, 'count of being a relation, somehow, and I want to be good. I just do."

Later in the day she ventured another inquiry:

"How will he get those to the heathen?"

"I don't know. Why, yes, he'll send 'em through the post-office, of course. What do you care so much about it for?"

That was what Rue did not mean to tell. She chose her prettiest Bible, spent the play-hours of days in writing an epistle on the fly-leaves, and tied it up in a piece of brown paper. Her knowledge of the post-office and its requirements was exceedingly limited, but she supposed it would be necessary to put something on the outside of the packet, to tell for whom it was intended. She wanted it to go where it was needed the most, and of course the post-office people would know where that was, she reflected; so she carefully printed, in very uneven letters, "For the greatest heathen," and then laid the precious package away, to await a future opportunity. She would trust her secret to no one, lest some unforeseen interference might result, and she cautiously sought information.

"How do you do when you put anything

into the post-office?" she demanded of Mary Jane Sullivan.

"Why, you just put 'em in. You go in the door, and there's an open place where you drop 'em right down," explained Mary Jane, lucidly.

How good Rue was for days after that. How she washed dishes in the kitchen, under the care of Miss Dorothy, and made beds in the dormitories, under the supervision of Mrs. Mehitable, and so at last earned the privilege of being the one sent to town on some trifling errand for the matron.

Thus it happened that one bright morning the clerks in the post-office were surprised by a little packet tossed in upon the floor, and a glimpse of a blue check apron vanishing hurriedly through the door. Unstamped, and with its odd address, it created a ripple of amusement.

"'For the greatest heathen.' That must be you, Captain," declared one; and the postmaster laughingly took charge of it, and then forgot it until, at home that evening, he found it in his pocket.

"What is it?" asked his wife, presently, as she saw him silent and absorbed, and, looking over his shoulder, she read the little letter with him. Original in spelling and peculiar in chiro-

graphy it certainly was, but they slowly deciphered it:

"I haven't any money to give 'cause I'm one of the little girls at the Home. Some of them have relations to send them things sometimes; but I haven't. I have two Bibles; but I would not give this to anyone but the heathen 'cause my own mamma gave it to me. It's nice to have a mamma to cuddle you up and love you just by your own self, and tuck you into bed at night, and not have to be in a row all the time. It makes a lump all swell up in my throat when I think of it, and my eyes get so hot and wet I can hardly see. I wish God did have homes enough, so he could give every little boy and girl a real one, and we needn't be all crowded up in one big place, that's just called so. Sometimes, when I see all the houses, it 'most seems as if there must be enough to go 'round; but I suppose there isn't. I guess it'll be the real kind we'll have up in heaven, and I want to go there; and that's why I send you this Bible, so you can learn about it. You must read it and be good. Oh, dear! it's dreadfully hard to be good when you haven't any mamma. I hope you've got one, if she is a heathen, for I'm 'most sure that's better than no kind. Good-bye.

RUE LINDSAY."

"Poor little thing!" exclaimed the lady, half laughing, but with a sudden moisture in her brown eyes.

Captain Grey looked around the beautiful room.

"I'm inclined to believe that letter was properly directed and has reached its rightful destination," he said, thoughtfully. "Think of it, Mary—all these cosy, pretty rooms, and no one to occupy them but you and me, while there are so many such little homesick souls in the world! You have spoken of it before; but I was too selfishly contented to care about it. If I'm not 'the greatest heathen,' I have certainly been far enough from the sort of Christianity this book requires."

"Well?" questioned Mrs. Grey, with shining eyes, waiting for the conclusion of the matter.

"Shall I go to-morrow and bring this little midget home with me—for a visit, say—and see what will come of it?"

It did not occur to little Rue that the stranger she met in the hall the next day, and who had a long interview with the matron, could be of any possible interest to her small self, until she was summoned down stairs to see him.

"Would you like to go home with this gentle-

man, for a visit of a week or two, Rue? He has come to ask you," said the matron.

"Me?" questioned Rue, oblivious of grammar lessons, and with a dozen exclamation points in her voice. There was no danger of her declining. The prospect of a visit anywhere was delightful, and the possibility of such a thing almost as wonderful as a fairy tale. So it was a very bright little face that Captain Grey found beside him in the carriage, and Rue, looked up at him shyly through her rings of sunny hair, to ask, as the only imaginable solution of the happy problem: "Are you one of my relations?"

"Yes, but I didn't remember it until last night," he answered gravely.

The weeks that followed were brimful of joy to Rue, and she won her way straight into the home and hearts that had opened to receive her.

"And so you think I may tell the matron that you do not care to go back, but are willing to stay here?" questioned the Captain, when the allotted time had expired.

"I guess," replied Rue, looking down at her dainty, ruffled attire, and suddenly flinging her arms around Mrs. Grey's neck, "that you didn't ever live there, and eat soup, and wear check

aprons, and have nobody like this to love, 'r else you'd know."

But she has not learned yet that it was her own missionary effort that brought so great reward.

A SPINNING SONG.

BY ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

"And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen."
—Ex. xxxv. 25.

NO gold for the altar's adorning,
No jewels have I to bring,
And men with but whispers of scorning
May look at my offering.
But He who is purer, diviner,
Than altar or shrine can be,
Who dwells in the mystic Shechinah,
Accepteth and blesseth me.

The knots nor the tangles concealing,
I come with the gift I've wrought;
I know in His perfect revealing
With failures the work is fraught.

I know there are spots in its brightness,
The colors are pale and dim,
And sullied the snow of its whiteness
Which fain I would bring to Him.

It may be the threads of my spinning
The wish of my heart may tell,
That longs to be free from its sinning,
And ever in peace to dwell.
Perhaps through the service of duty
My work may be rendered meet,
For weaving in marvellous beauty
The veil of the mercy seat.

The heart's willing service approving,
He maketh my toil so sweet
That my work, with its burden of loving,
I lay at His blessed feet.

THE WOMEN OF COREA.

ACCORDING to the opinions of French missionaries who were somewhat familiar with the social life of the people, a Corean woman has no moral existence. She is never man's companion or equal. She has no name. In childhood she receives a surname, by which she



A COREAN OFFICER.

is known in the family and by near friends. To all others she is "the sister" of such a one, or "the daughter" of so-and-so. After her marriage her name is buried. She is absolutely nameless. Her own parents allude to her by employing the name of the district or ward in which she has married. Her parents-in-law speak of her by the name of the place in which she lived before marriage, as women rarely marry in the same village with their husbands. When she bears children, she is "the mother" of so-and-so.

When a woman appears for trial before a magistrate, in order to save time and trouble, she receives a special name for the time being. The women below the middle class work very hard. Farm labor is done chiefly by them. The women carry lunch to laborers in the field, eating what is left for their share. In going to market, the women carry the heavier load.

In the higher classes, etiquette demands that the children of the two sexes be separated after the age of eight or ten years. After that time the boys dwell entirely in the men's apartments, to study and even to eat and drink. The girls remain secluded in the women's quarters. They

are told that it is disgraceful even to be seen by males, so that gradually they seek to hide themselves whenever any of the male sex appear.

The customs, continued from childhood to old age, result in destroying the family life. A Corean of good taste only occasionally holds conversation with his wife, whom he regards as far beneath him. He rarely consults her on anything serious, and though living under the same roof, one may say that husband and wife are widely separated. The female apartments among the higher classes resemble, in most respects, zenanas of India.

Marriage is something with which a woman has little or nothing to do. After the marriage, women are inaccessible. They are nearly always confined to their apartments, nor can they even look out on the streets without permission of their lords. So strict is this rule that fathers have on occasions killed their daughters, husbands their wives, and wives have committed suicide when strangers have touched them even with their fingers.

It is not proper for a widow to remarry. In the higher classes a widow is expected to weep for her deceased husband, and to wear mourning

all her life. It would be infamy for her, however young, to marry a second time.

In cities and small townships it is considered a great offence against modesty and custom whenever a woman is met on the public streets in the daytime, and they quit their apartments hardly ever during the day. To indemnify them for this strictly kept-up seclusion, the following remarkable arrangement has been made : at nine o'clock in the evening, during the summer, and at an earlier hour during the winter, the city gates of Seoul and other towns are closed at a given signal. As soon as this has taken place all men are bound to leave the streets, and these are abandoned to the women for the purpose of recreation and promenading. Any male finding himself, by accident, belated and behind the appointed time in the streets, is sure to hurry to his house as fast as possible, without looking up or regarding about him ; and severe punishment would fall upon any persons daring, in the face of the stringent prohibition, to molest women in the least. Good breeding demands from any man (and this is always done) to cover his face with a fan as soon as he sees a woman.

MISSIONARY MUSIC.

HAVE you ever brought a penny to the missionary box,—

A penny which you might have spent like other little folks?

And when it falls among the rest, have you ever heard a ring

Like a pleasant sound of welcome which the other pennies sing?

This is missionary music, and it has a pleasant sound,

For pennies make a shilling, and shillings make a pound;

And many pounds together the gospel news will send,

Which tell the distant heathen that the Saviour is their friend.

And, oh! what joyous music is the missionary song,

When it seems to come from every heart, and sounds from every tongue;

When happy Christian little ones all sing with one accord

Of the time when realms of darkness shall be kingdoms of the Lord!

But sweeter far than all the rest which Jesus
loves to hear,
Are children's voices, when they breathe a mis-
sionary prayer ;
When they bring the heart petition to the great
Redeemer's throne,
That He will choose the heathen out and take
them for His own.

This is the music Jesus taught when He was
here below,
This is the music Jesus loves to hear in glory
now.
And many a one from distant lands will reach
His heavenly home
In answer to the children's prayer, " O Lord, Thy
kingdom come."

Then, missionary children, let this music never
cease :
Work on, work on in earnest for the Lord, the
Prince of Peace.
There is praying work and paying work for
every heart and hand,
Till the missionary chorus shall go forth through
all the land.

THE NUT BROWN LITTLE GIRL.

HER name is Kali; she is named after an idol. She lives in a house made of bamboo; the ground is the floor, it has no glass windows, only blinds; and when these are shut it is very dark. There are a great many bugs and ants where Kali lives. Bugs of all kinds and colors make themselves at home everywhere. You would not be afraid of them, because, in that case, you would be afraid all the time, and that would not be pleasant. The sun shines very warm where she lives. She sleeps on a mat, or in a little swing bed among the trees. Kali drinks cocoanut-milk from a cocoanut dipper; she eats rice for breakfast, dinner, and supper. They do not have bread and butter, cake and pies, as you do, and Kali never goes to school. She does not learn to sew; she never used a needle, for her dress is in one piece; it has no waist, no arm-holes, or sleeves. How easy for Kali to dress in a hurry! When she rides, she rides in a funny-looking cart called a "bandy." It looks like a child's Quaker bonnet on two wheels. It is drawn, not by horses, but by men.

Kali does not go to school. Little girls are not sent to school in that country. Why, do

you think? Because their fathers do not think enough of them to send them to school. Boys go to school. Kali's brothers go. A mother is sorry when God gives her a girl-baby, because she knows nobody will love it. Her father and brothers will be hard and often cruel to her. Sometimes little girls are killed, only because they are girls. Do you know what makes these people so cruel? It is because they do not know God. God is love, and all His laws teach us love. In India the people worship images. These are false gods. Kali is named for a very wicked one. I hope she will not grow up like it. You find idols everywhere. There are millions of them. They are made of clay, or wood, or brass, or iron. Sometimes you meet people with white, or yellow, or blue marks on their noses, cheeks, foreheads, and arms. The marks show what gods they belong to.

STAND EVERY ONE IN HIS PLACE.

IT has been fully demonstrated that before the close of the present century the Gospel might be preached to every one of the millions who now grope in darkness, and die without the

knowledge of the blessed hope that brightens the Christian's pathway to the tomb. It has been shown by facts and figures, that the means for this mighty work might be furnished by the professors of Christianity, without any real sacrifice; but it appears that the people who are numbered in the army of the Lord are too many for Him to give the enemy into their hands. Some are fearful and afraid. Some seek their own and not the things of Christ; and many do not care to even hear about the conquests to which our Captain has led, and is still leading His hosts, and feel no interest in the consummation of the glorious promises of the universal reign of our King.

"Many are called, but few are chosen," and though the command comes to every individual, "Go ye unto all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and not one who has heard it is freed from the obligation of obedience, only a little band, comparatively, do obey—the chosen few. Who would not wish to be one of the number—one of the brave "three hundred" who shall go forth, either in person or by proxy, to wield the sword of the Spirit in conquering the innumerable hosts who are promised to our King as His inheritance?

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